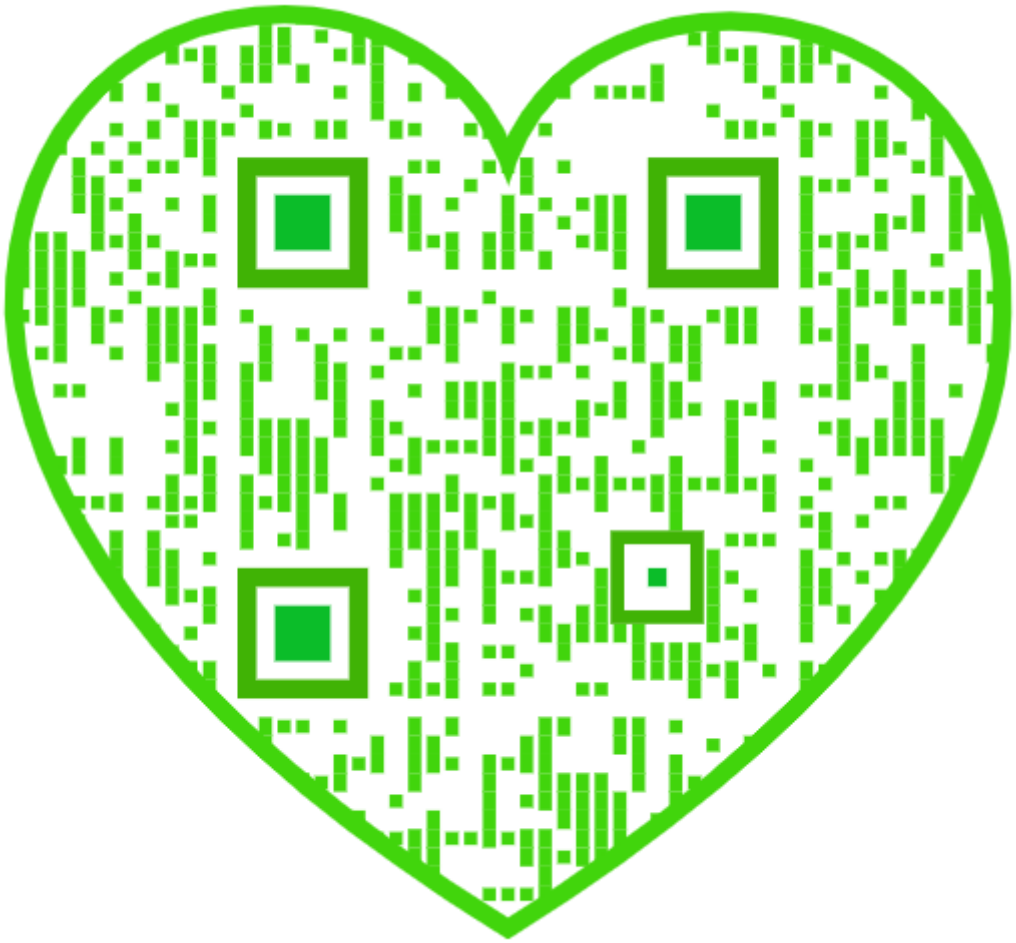
A HORSE BOOK

MARY TOURTEL



CHILDREN'S BOOK
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with mother's love to
her sweetheart
Easter
1902.

The Dumpy Books for Children

No. 10. A HORSE BOOK.

THE DUMPY BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

Cloth, Royal 32mo, 1/6 each.

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11. **THE DUMPY BABE.** By Henry Mayer. Illustrated in Colours.

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A Horse Book

BY
MARY TOURTEL

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CONTENTS.

		PAGE
1.	At Play	2
2.	Schooling	6
3.	Cleverness	10
4.	Willingness	14
5.	Wilfulness	18
6.	Intelligence	22
7.	Kicking	26
8.	Gentleness	30
9.	Biting	34
10.	Toiling	38
11.	Hunting	42
12.	Duty	46
13.	Rearing	50
14.	Sagacity	54
15.	Bolting	58
16.	Patience	62
17.	Bucking	66
18.	Perseverance	70
19.	Jibbing	74
20.	Service	78
21.	Shying	82
22.	Curiosity	86
23.	Friendship	90
24.	Old Age	94

M.T.

AT PLAY.

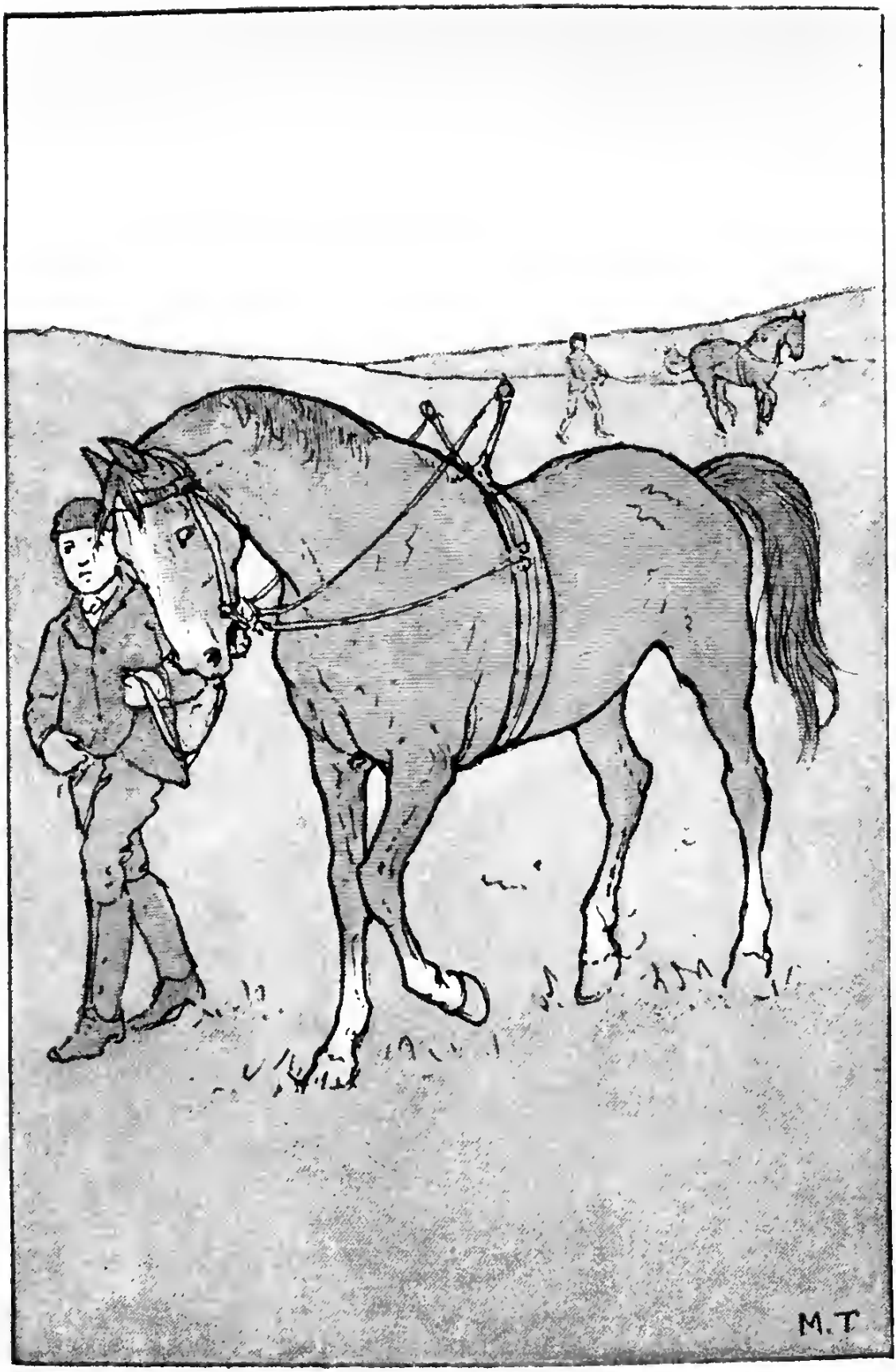
THREE little foals you see at play.
They romp and sport all through the day,
But sometimes they are most sedate
And try to ape their mothers' gait.

They wheel and race and leap and prance,
And sometimes they are said to dance:
But always they will stand and stare
At anyone who passes there.

SCHOOLING.

The horse, like us, must go to school
To learn by precept and by rule.
Like us, he does not love the work,
Like us, he's not allowed to shirk.

This little instrument you see
Strapped on his back, shaped like a V,
Is a "Dumb Jockey" meant to train
The horse to bear the bit and rein.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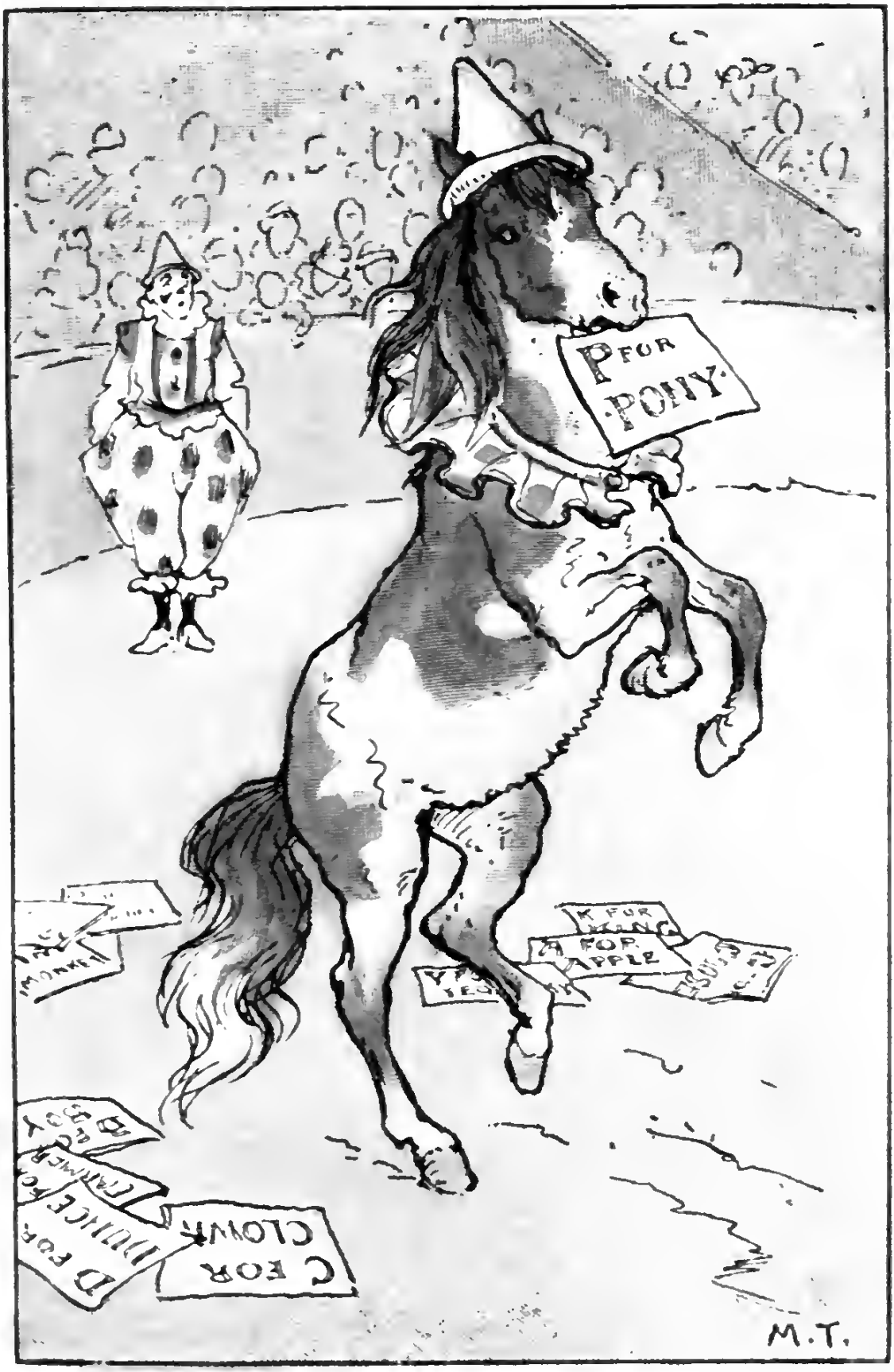

P FOR
PONY
C FOR
CLOWN
M.T.

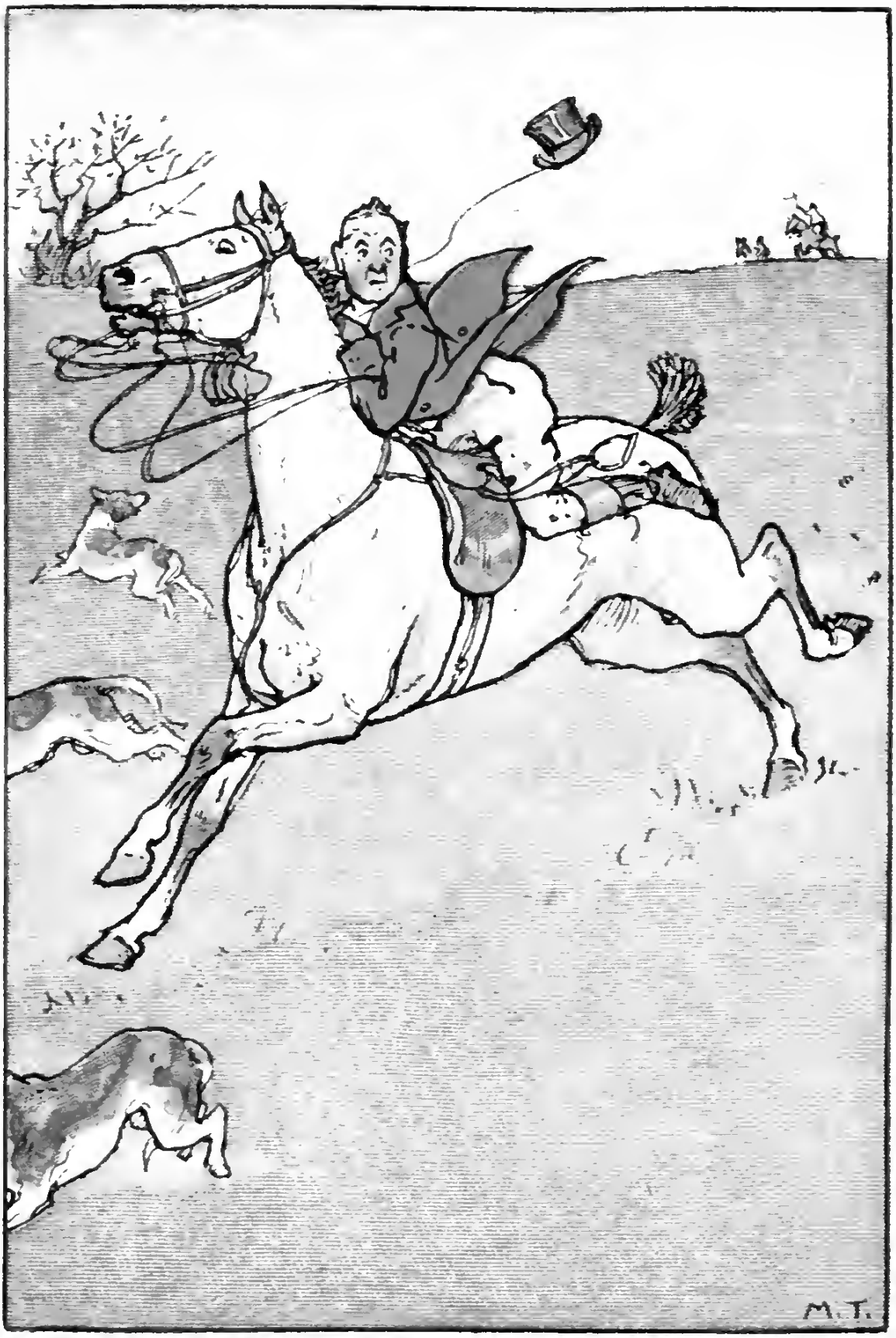
CLEVERNESS.

Billy, the circus pony, can
Distinguish letters like a man :
He'll hold up for you in the ring
His D for Dunce and K for King.

With P for Pony he will show
That he his family name doth know ;
And he will find the C for clown
And at his feet will put it down.

WILLINGNESS.

Although this horse is doing all he can to drag his heavy load up the hill, the lazy boy who is walking beside him, with one hand in his pocket, beats him cruelly with the stick which he carries. The boy is too silly or too careless to see how willingly the horse is working.


M.T.

WILFULNESS.

A HORSE's great red-letter days
Are days of hunting, when his ways
Are often very wilful. Here
See this John Gilpin in great fear.

He came out just to see the Meet,
But the horse thought he would compete
With horses, hounds and fox for place,
And led the man this madcap race.

INTELLIGENCE.

On the prairies in the Far West of America a man lost his way. He had no water to drink, although both he and his horse were parched with thirst. Not knowing where to find water, he cast the reins on the neck of his horse. By means of that wonderful intelligence which some people wrongly call instinct, the horse found his way to a spring, although it was many miles distant. Thus both man and horse were able to quench their thirst, and in this way their lives were saved.

M.T.

M.T.

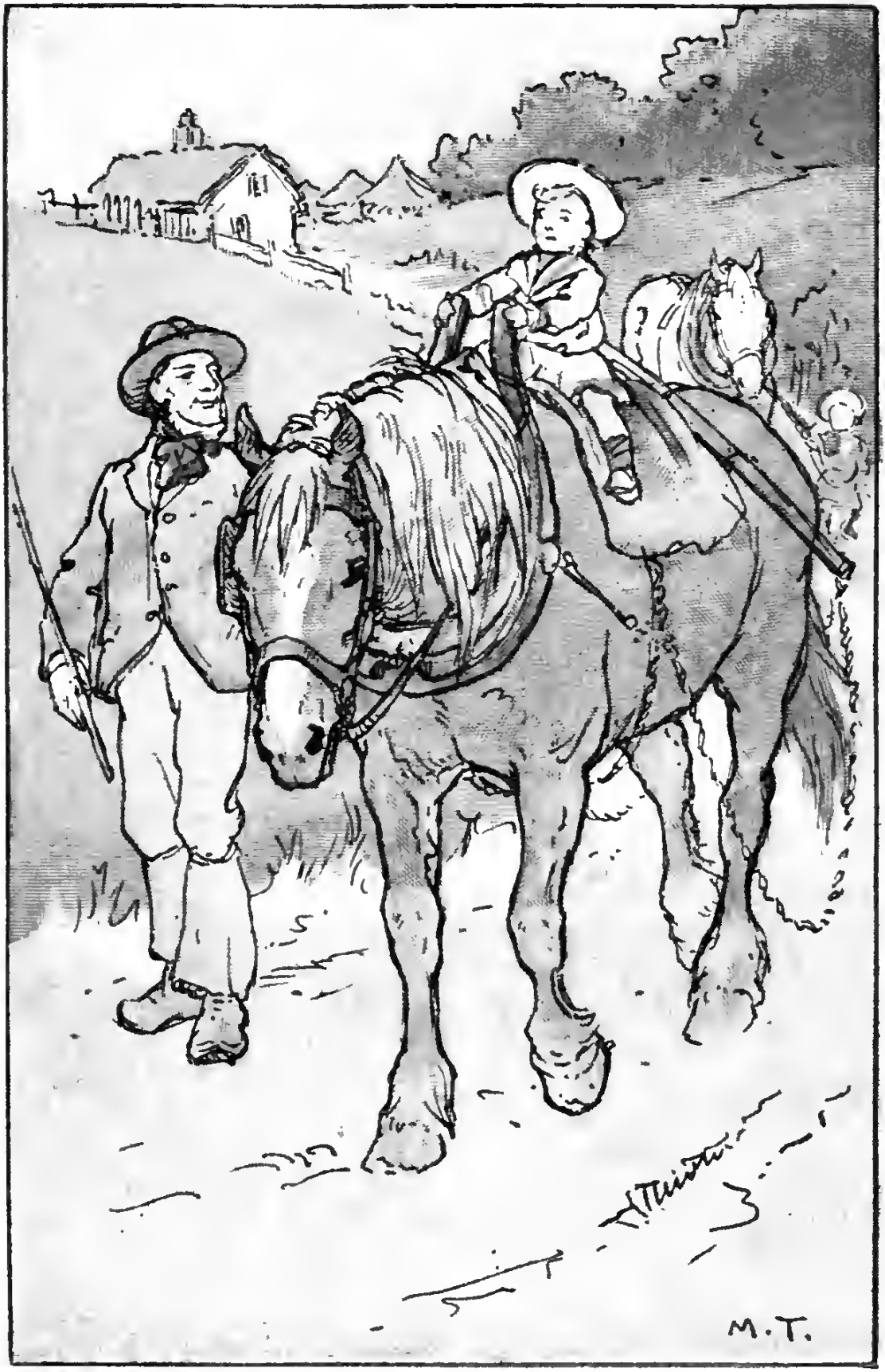
KICKING.

These two are very much dismayed
To see the fuss their horse has made
Because this dog in playful mood
Barked in a manner rather rude.

It is a thing some horses do
Until the driver makes them rue
Their fits of temper. Then they say
That kicking doesn't seem to pay.

GENTLENESS.

These big carthorses and these little children are great friends. Although the horses are so big, they are very gentle, and allow the carter's children to lead them home in the evening, or to ride on their backs.


M.T.

M.T.

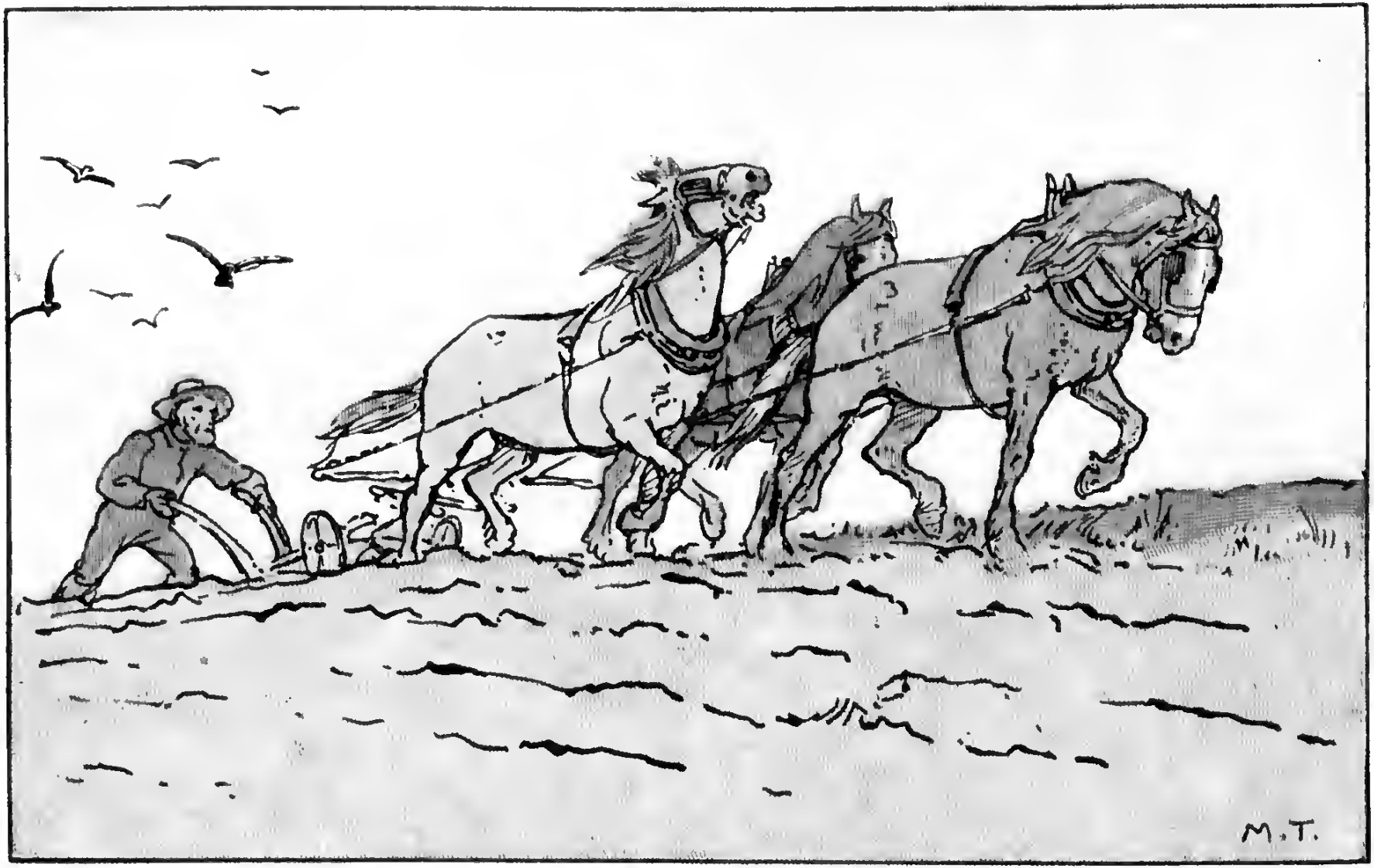
BITING.

Peggy is the children's pride,
And she allows them all to ride.
She comes to them whene'er they call,
And loves to have them in her stall.

With others she has wilful ways.
She will be cross with John for days,
Will kick and squeal, will show much spite,
And very often try to bite.

TOILING.

THESE three horses are ploughing an upland field. They are thoroughly enjoying themselves, for they are so strong that their work is a pleasure to them. The ploughman is guiding the plough, so as to keep the furrows straight. The rooks are soaring round in search of grubs found in the earth which is turned up by the plough.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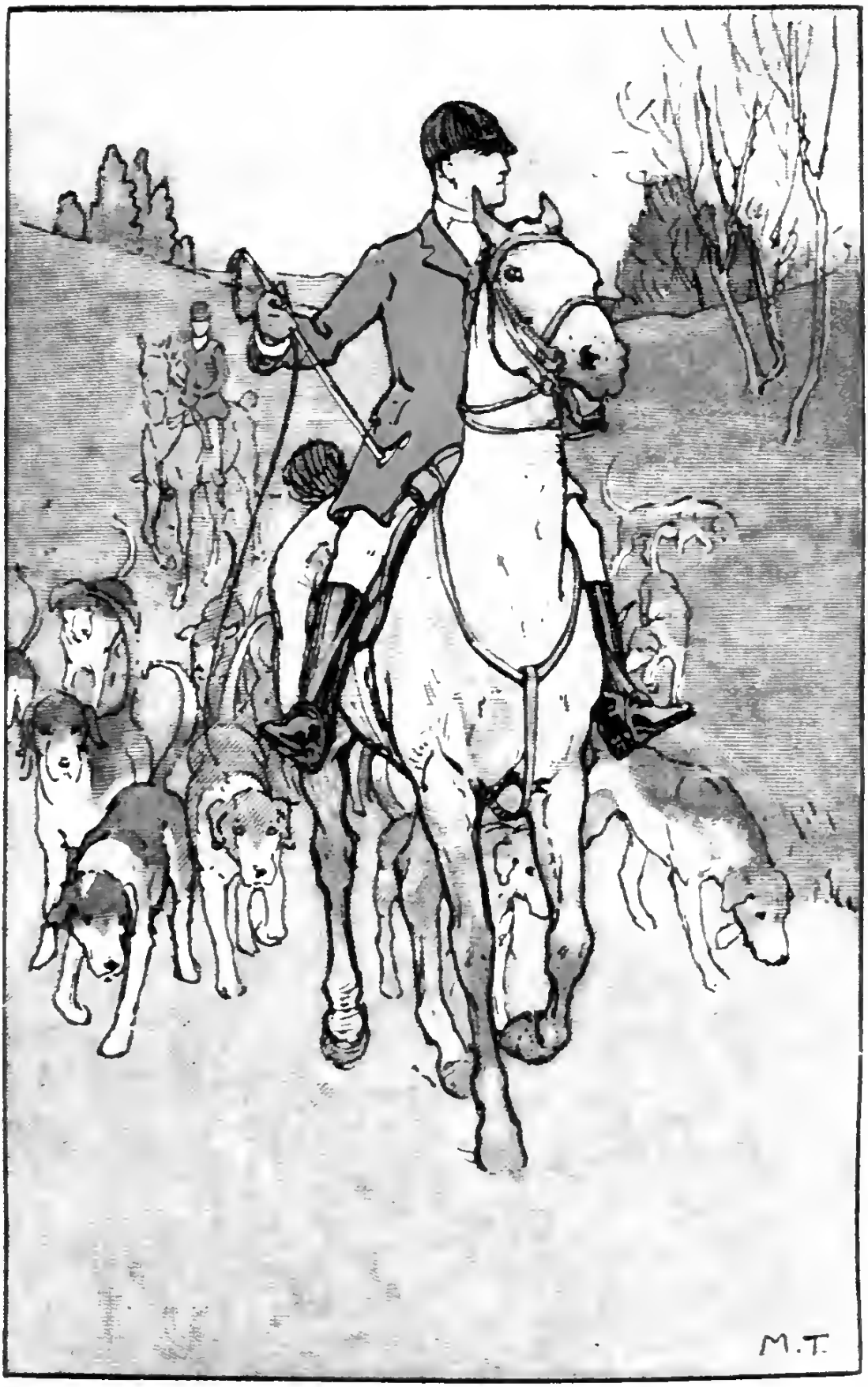

M.T.

HUNTING.

What sweeter sound on winter morn
Than music of the hounds and horn?
What prettier sight could e'er be seen
Than hounds and horses on the green?

See winding down this country way
An eager throng one winter day.
Keen are the men for sport of course,
But just as keen each hound and horse.

DUTY.

THE troop-horse, like all soldiers, has to learn his drill till he becomes as efficient as his rider. In war he will take his place in his squadron should his rider have been killed or wounded. In one instance, several guns of the Royal Horse Artillery were saved by the teams galloping back to their lines after all the gunners and drivers had been shot down.

M.T.

M.T.

REARING.

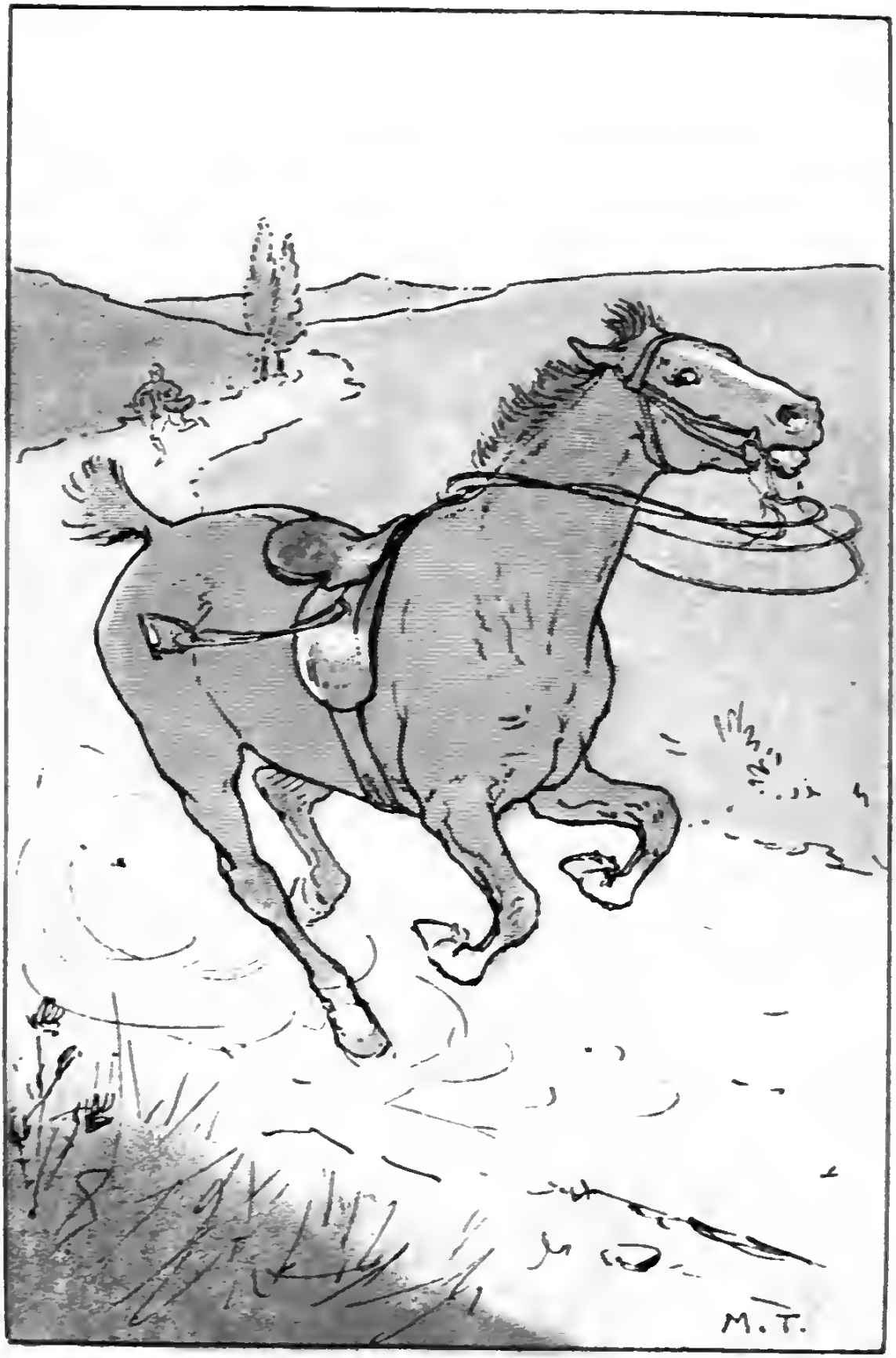
REARING is an awkward vice,
No rider ever thinks it nice.
When the horse prances on two
feet
It's difficult to keep one's seat.

This lady riding in the Row
Is a good rider, you must know.
When on two legs her horse
would soar
She quickly brings him down
to four.

SAGACITY.

THERE is danger at this place which the horse can see, but which the rider fails to detect. They are in the midst of a swamp where one false step would mean a horrible death in the quagmire on the verge of which the horse has pulled up. The man uses whip and spur, but the horse refuses to move. Finally the rider leaves the horse to himself to find a way round which brings them both to safety.

M T


M.T.

BOLTING.

See this runaway flecked with foam
Galloping fast as he can for home,
Caring nought for the shouting man
Running also as fast as he can.

Flung by the bolter on the roadside
Small is his chance of a pleasant ride.
Two legs matched in a race with four—
Perhaps they'll meet at the stable door.

PATIENCE.

The cab horse is a useful steed,
Ever handy, good at need—
A patient uncomplaining jade,
What should we do without his aid?

By day, by night he may be had,
Be the weather good or be it bad.
Many a knock and many a fall
He gets, and yet survives them all.

M.T.

M.T.

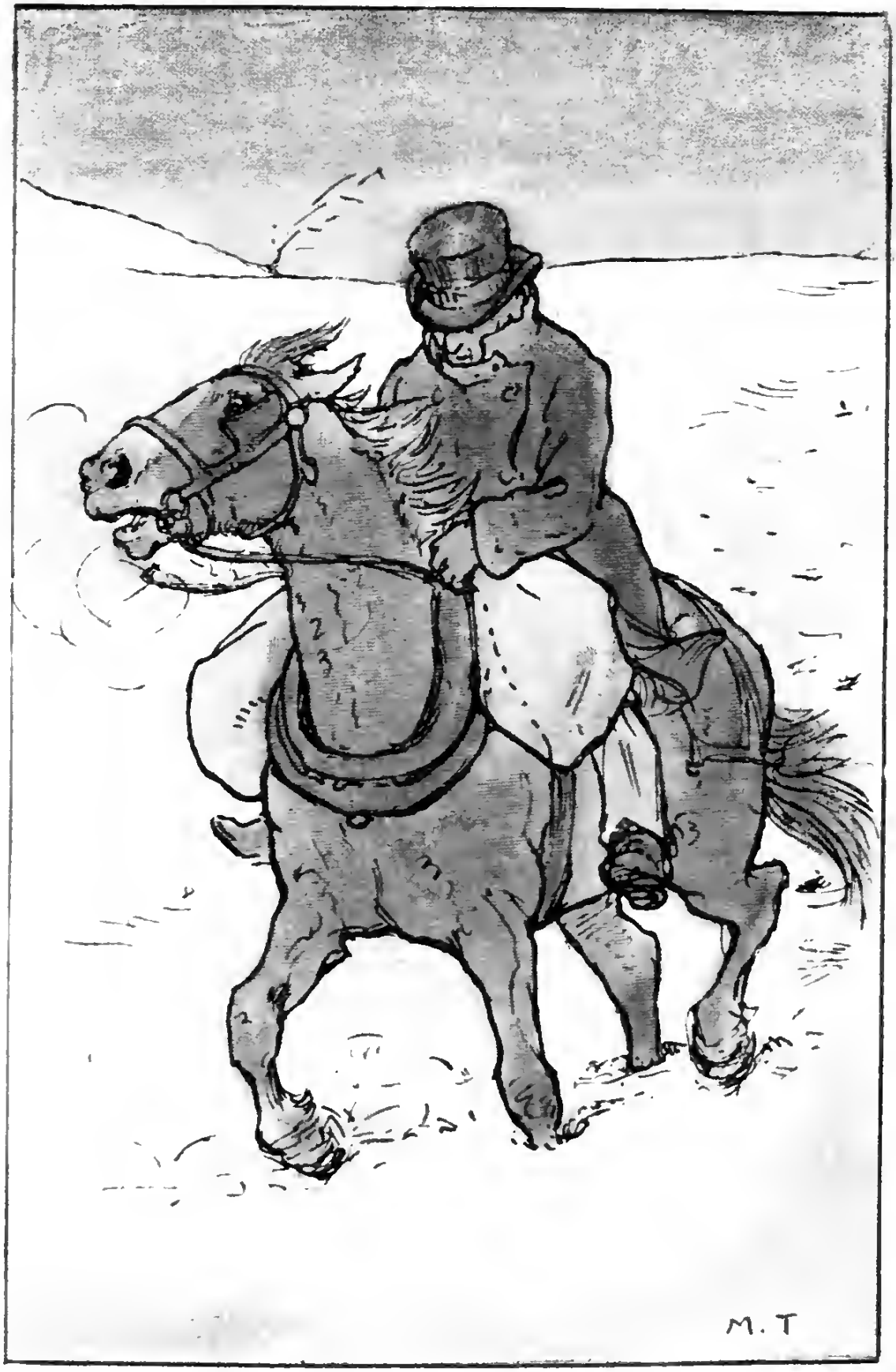
BUCKING.

When horses buck they take a bound
With all their four feet off the ground.
Unless they know just what to do
And how to keep their seats all through

The riders come off fast and thick
When horses start this Yankee trick.
But with the cowboys of the West
The horses come off second best.

PERSEVERANCE.

The horse affords the best example amongst animals of perseverance: he will go on until he falls exhausted or dead. On the Yorkshire moors, after a heavy fall of snow, the roads are quite lost, and it often happens that the mailman has to unharness his horse (the cart being blocked by the snow), and trust to the horse's courage and endurance to carry the mails from village to village. It has been known that the driver has been overcome by the intense cold, when the horse has found his way unaided to the nearest accustomed stopping place.


M. T

MARY TOURTEL.

JIBBING.

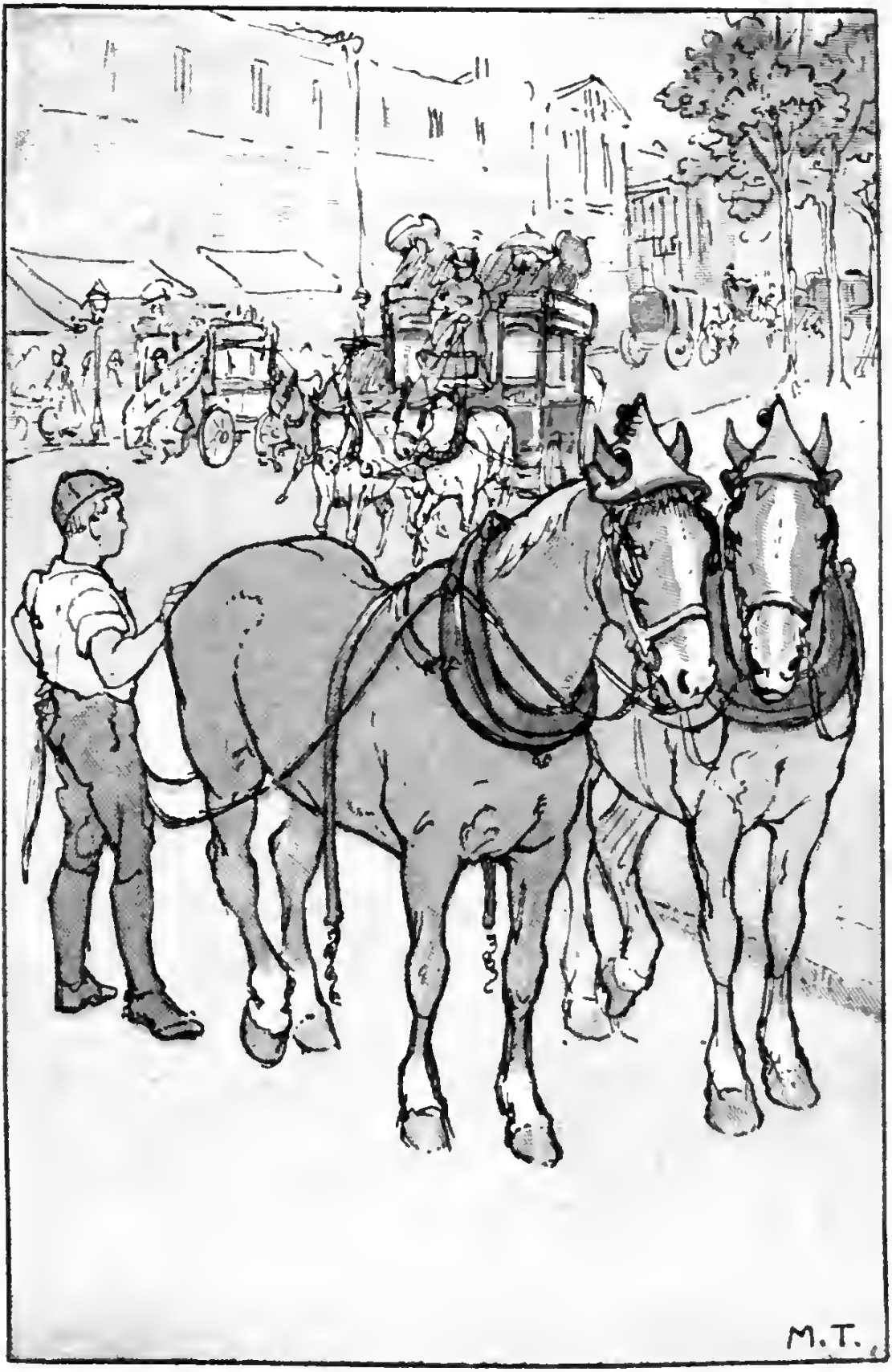
Of all the tiresome steeds that are
The jibber is the worst by far.
He stands and contemplates the scene—
An act embarrassing and mean.

And nine times out of ten he chooses
An awkward spot when he refuses
To move. To cure him, take him out
And turn the jibber round about.

SERVICE.

THE Bus horse does not work all day,
For if he did he'd waste away.
He does his work and then is able
To take a long rest in the stable.

When summer suns beat down upon it
His head is sheltered by a bonnet;
And though it makes him look a duffer,
He hasn't half the heat to suffer.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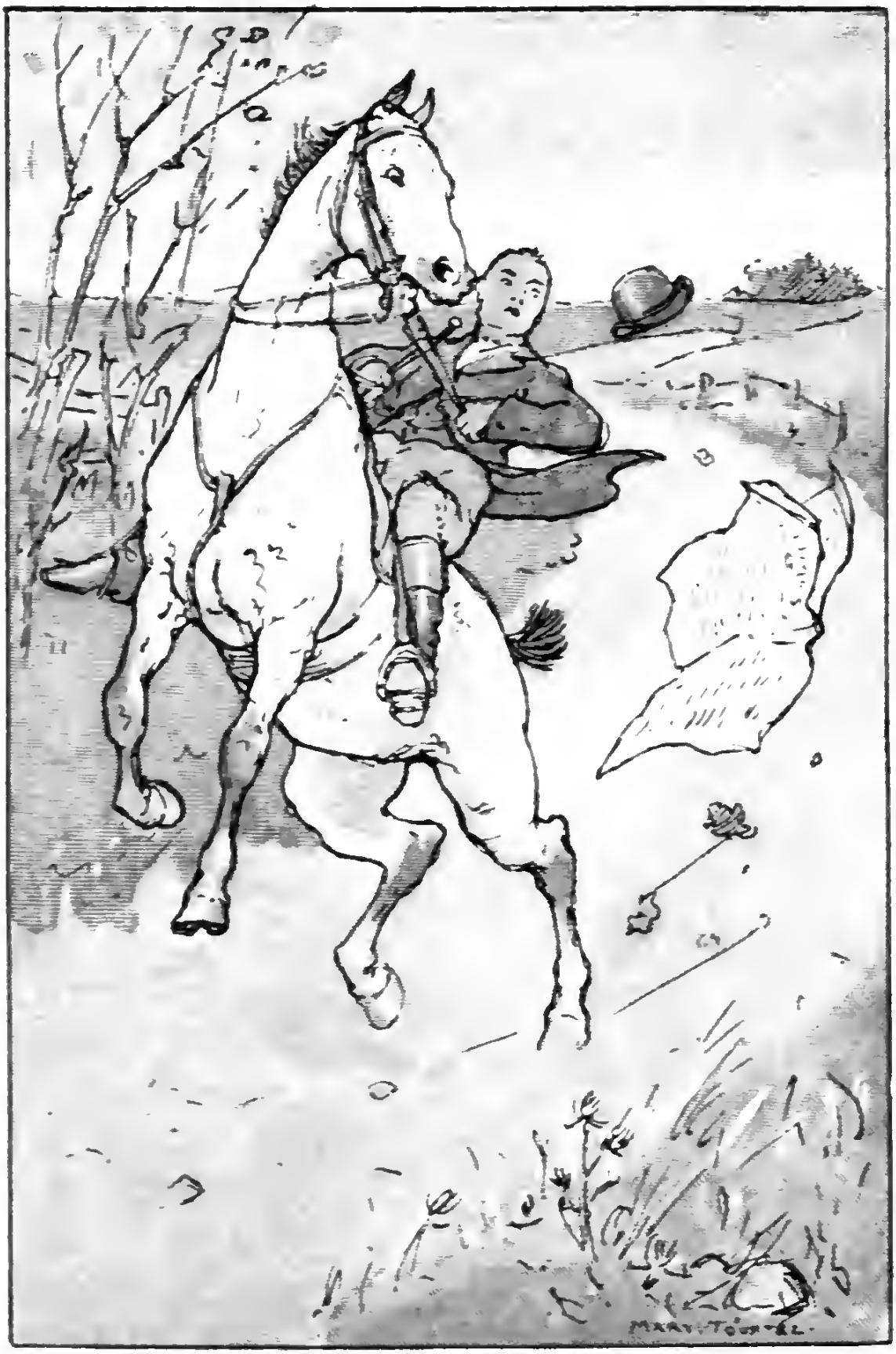

MARY TOURTEL

SHYING.

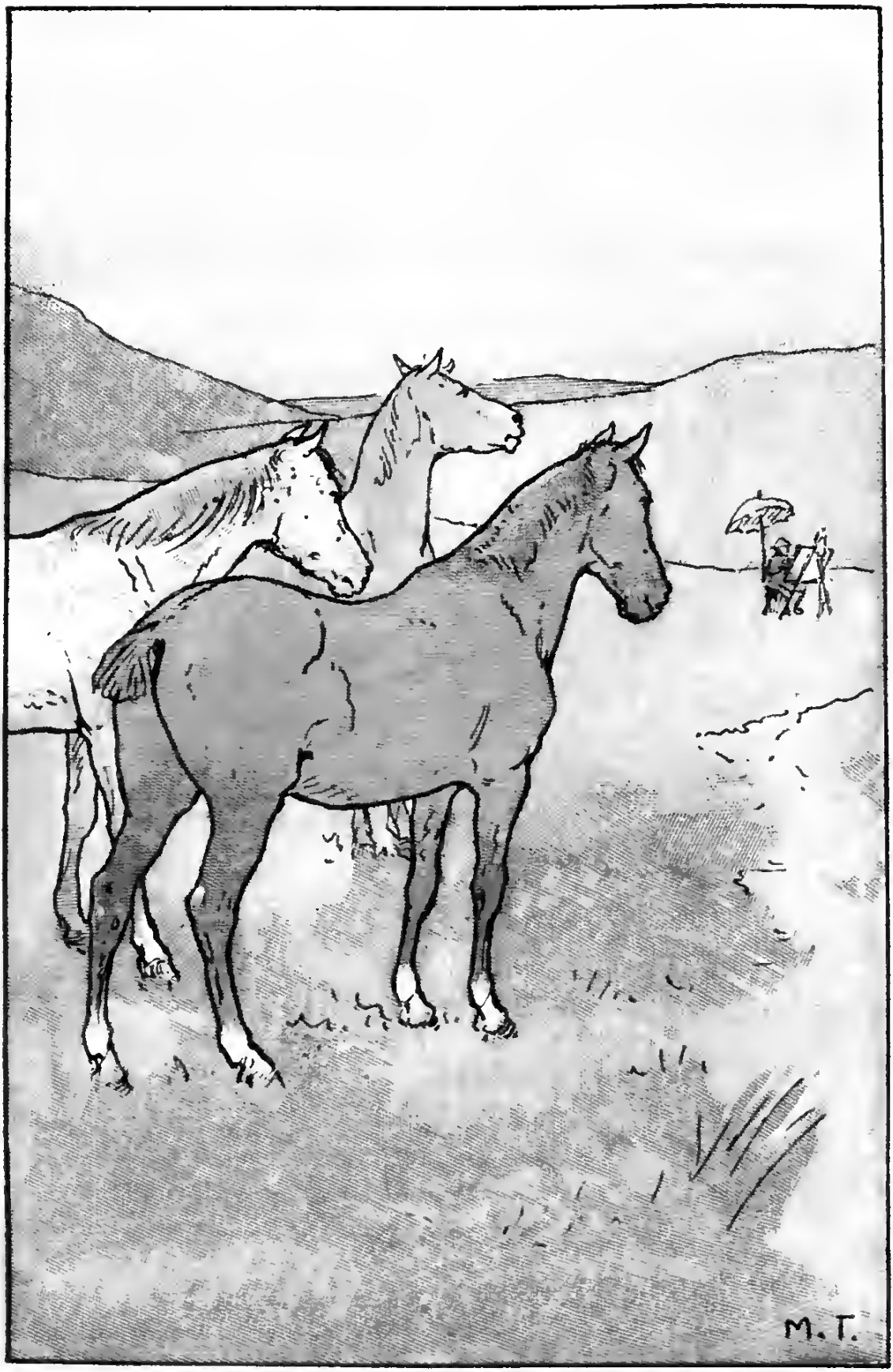
'A WICKED horse," perhaps you say,
" To shy in such a sudden way,
And almost make his rider fall.
It is not nice of him at all."

It was not wickedness, but fear.
That dreadful white thing rushing near
Appeared to his affrighted eyes
Full seven times its proper size.

CURIOSITY.

All horses very curious are
And things which they espy afar
Arouse their curiosity :
They wonder what on earth they see.

With ears pricked up and cautious mien
They come to see. When they have seen,
They snort and turn and off they scurry
In a contemptuous desperate hurry.


M. T.

M.T.

FRIENDSHIP.

A BEAUTIFUL racehorse became very much attached to a cat. So much so that he was never happy unless the cat was near him, either sleeping curled up on his back or somewhere in his stall. They became such close companions that when the horse was taken abroad to run in some races for which he had been entered, he became so dejected at being separated from his companion that it was found necessary that the cat should always accompany him in his horse-box wherever he went.

OLD AGE.

This horse's working days are o'er.
The shafts and saddle nevermore
Shall hold him. Here he waits his end
Cared for by those who love to tend

An old companion. He may rest
In his loose box or take the best
Of grazing which the meadows give—
A pensioner while he shall live.

M.T.